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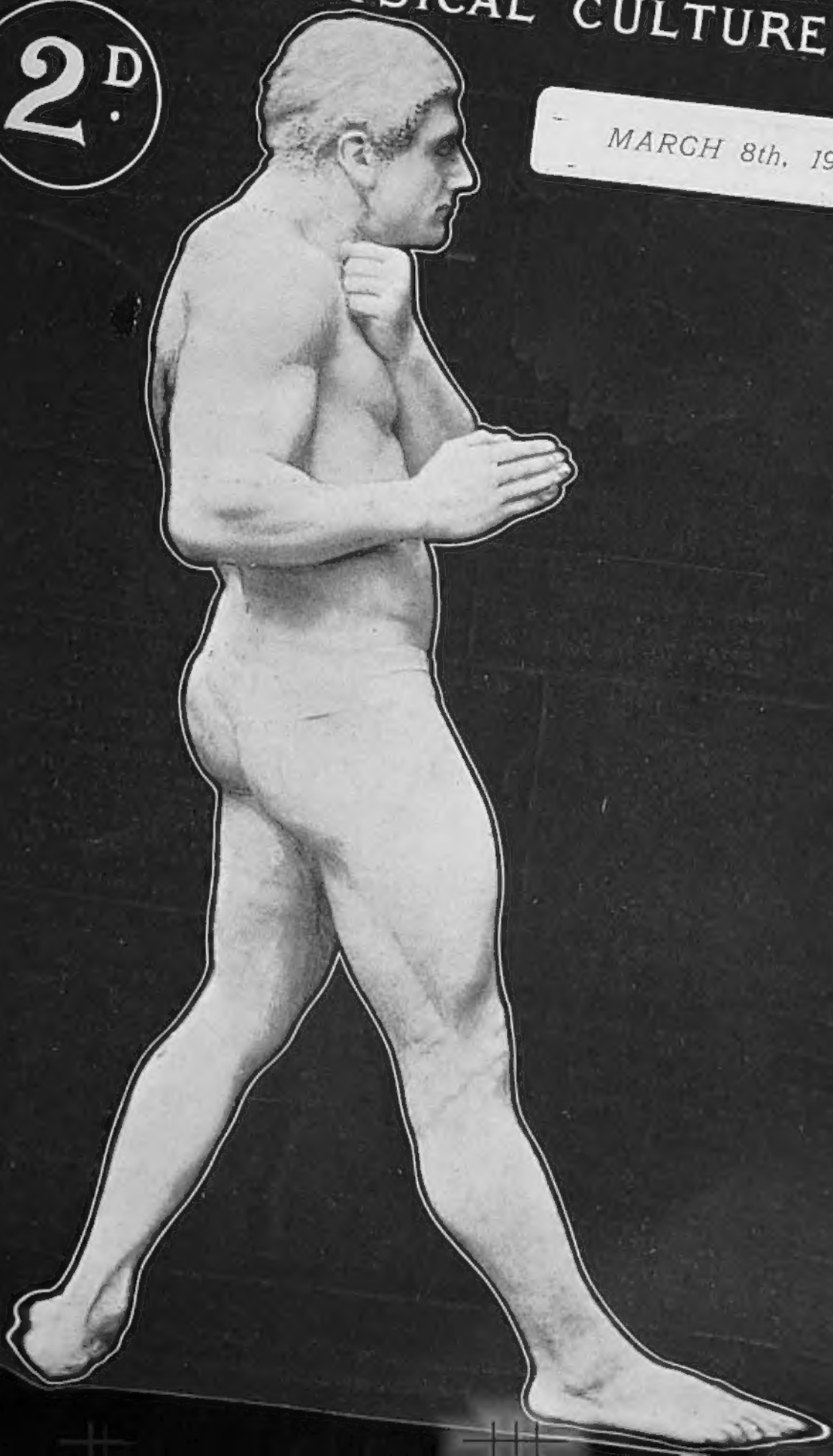
OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

2D.

MARCH 8th. 1906.



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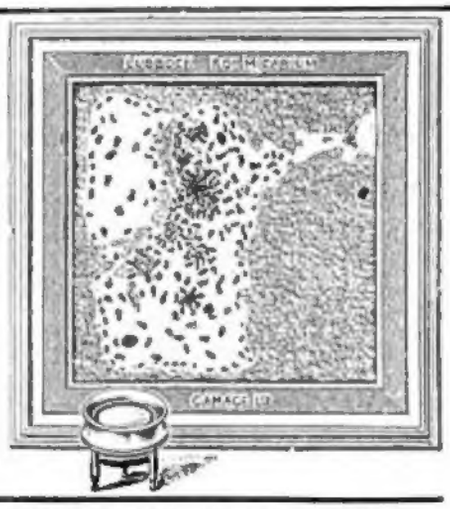

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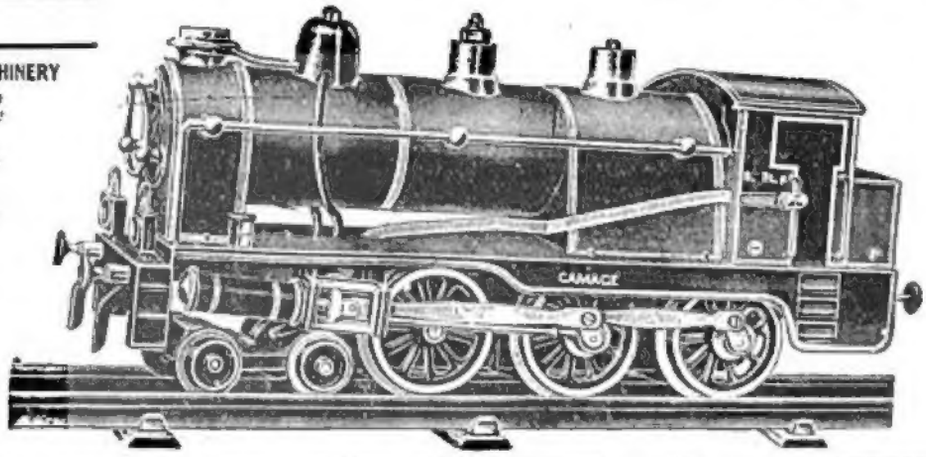

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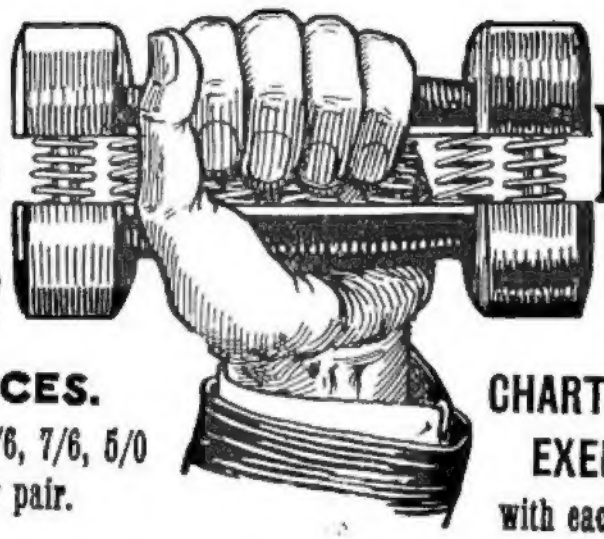

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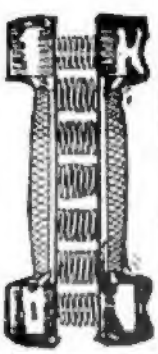

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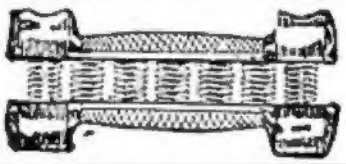

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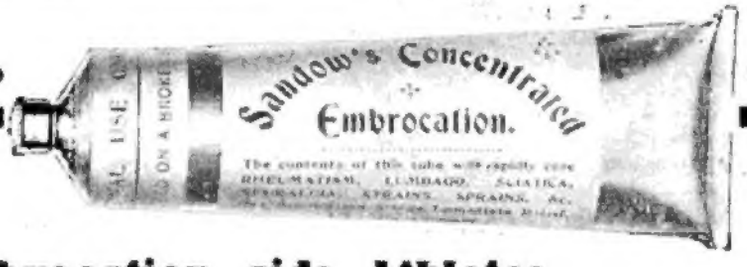

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SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Editor: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is indeed a pleasing sign of the times to observe how extensively the leading London and provincial papers are opening their columns to Physical Culture, and especially to the physical education of the young. More and more it is being realised that physical education must begin in the schools. But the women must be gained over to our side by degrees, and when they realise the importance of educating the child's body, physical education will begin in the nursery.

o——o

As Mr. W. E. Hubbard, of the West Sussex Education Committee, recently expressed it, the women have the nation of the future in their hands as well as the manhood of the present. Man is really, as he humorously puts it, "a helpless animal," and it is to the mothers that we must look for the quality and character of the manhood and womanhood of the future. The physical education of female children, therefore, is even more important than that of male infants, in order that the future mothers of our race will understand the physical training of their children.

o——o

In a recent speech, Mr. Hubbard struck a valuable idea. A socially retrospective glance of the last twenty years will show marvellous improvement in the sanitary condition of the village, the town, the street, the home. But what of the individual who lives in a house in one of the streets of the village or town? "The man's house, workshop, factory, farm, and even piggery can be legally supervised," while he himself is left strictly alone, except in the possibility of being, by a contagious disease, a danger to the general community.

o——o

This "freedom of the subject" leaves us without any definite information, any reliable statistics, concerning the nation's actual physical condition, and thus we can institute no actual comparison between the man of the present and the

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man of twenty years ago. I am gratified to find Mr. Hubbard in accord with an idea, the importance of which I have all along been advocating, viz.: That, in future, we begin to obtain such information in the schools. Statistics should be accumulated and tabulated as to height, weight, lung capacity, etc., and where faults, weakness, or actual disease exist, the necessary steps be taken. In this way, during school years at least, a record could be kept of any improvement made by the rising generation.

o——o

I have had a good deal to say on this subject recently, for it is a vitally important one, and other nations are paying the utmost consideration to it. This is especially the case in our greatest trade rival—Germany. In Berlin alone no fewer than thirty-six doctors attend the schools of the city.

o——o

An ounce of practice is better than a ton of precept. The Rev. A. Dixon, an American clergyman, has donned the apron of a stone-cutter, and is wielding mallet and hammer every day in a local granite establishment, in order to come in closer touch with the labourers of his parish. Sometimes the same thing happens in England. I remember one instance where a North of England curate actually worked as a stoker in the local gasworks as the outcome of "a straight talk" with some of the labourers who sneered at him as an idler. Yet, after a full week at the gasworks as stoker, he said that was easier than the life of the average curate.

o——o

It is difficult to make the average manual worker understand that brain work is far more exhausting in its character than muscular labour, and I like, occasionally, to see these instances of practical and muscular Christianity. Some of the most manly men I know are to be found in the ranks of the clergy, and some, too, besides possessing extraordinary moral courage, are also in the first rank of physical culturists.

o——o

An Irish priest whom I once met was not only a really superb athlete himself, but had trained one or two of the finest athletes Ireland produced. And I knew one Church of England curate who for nearly fifteen minutes stood the most vile abuse from a foul-mouthed competitor in a cross-country event before giving him a well-deserved and painful practical lesson in the "noble art."

o——o

The virtues of temperance have been so often preached with reference to eating and drinking only that people forget often to associate it with other vices. Here is a letter with a very pronounced human note which appeared recently in the *Standard*, dealing with the dangerous side of sport.

o——o

The father says:—"When my eldest son won his cap at Harrow I experienced a thrill of real pride and delight. When I found in his work a hopeless neglect of every single thing pertaining to his profession, the fact that he has played for his county, and now is known to every leading cricketer in the country, was singularly little consolation to me, sound sportsman though I hope I am. My quarrel is not with cricket, please note, nor with my son's playing cricket, a game I have loved all my life. The trouble is that, like so very many of his associates, like such an enormous section of the community, my son has lost sight of the true, sane, and wholesome relation of cricket to life, and has placed the game first, and all other considerations relatively nowhere."

o——o

It is an unfortunate fact that, with some men, one phase of life becomes a passion, an obsession. I really believe that in all such cases this is due to lack of nervous and muscular balance, and that a course of all-round Physical Culture would restore the patient (for any obsession is really a disease), and give him a true, sane, and wholesome sense of proportion.

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The Need of Brain-workers.

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

THE successful brain-worker must be healthy and strong. To be successful he must be original and individual, and, without health and strength, the product of his brain will have little, if anything, in it more than the mediocre. The physical structure that is weak, or being wasted by neglect or dissipation, or both, is usually indexed by a mentality of corresponding conditions. The body is the support of the brain, and more than that, it is the medium through which work the soul and its inspirations.

A man cannot be more than what he is, neither can he perform things greater than what is in him. If he be weak and sickly he fails in what God intends every person to be—a help and a force in the world.

The duty of every person is to put as much good and power into life as possible.

True, the physically weak are recognised and used, if they are willing, in proportion to their capacity, but they are not intended to be dwarfs.

The career of the sound, the strong man is marked by potent achievements.

The average brain-worker, in the strain and rush of daily toil, forgets the things that are vital to his health, and ultimately to his success. The man who expects to think things that will make the public think must protect the vitality of his brain by protecting that of his body. He must have pure air, for pure air makes pure blood, and pure blood makes active, progressive life. Bad air hinders and destroys proper breathing, poisons and contracts the lungs, and maims the energy of both body and mind.

Congested lungs are not conducive to clear thinking.

Persons who write should give particular heed to the quality of the air they breathe. Very often when the mind fails to respond readily to the ever-changing demands with which it is taxed it is partially paralysed by sluggish blood caused by breathing dead air.

Of all brain workers, newspaper men should be most careful of their surroundings. Live air is all-essential to them, because their minds must act, and without delay. A reporter comes in hurriedly; he has a column or so to write, and sits down in a room not properly ventilated, perhaps full of bad air, and begins work which must be done in haste. His mind refuses to respond, and he forces it. The result is a bad story and an irritated brain. He works in such a room until late at night, and then goes home, suffering with nerves at the snapping tension, and does not sleep well. This is why so many newspaper men have pallid faces and frail constitutions, and also why many of them fail to win the success that otherwise would be theirs. These brain-workers do not fail to gratify the demands of the appetite, but the cry of the lungs, the mind, and the whole body for the pure ozone that invigorates and vitalises is not heeded.

Fresh air is the natural stimulant of the body. It will clarify the mind mixed with work and worry, and will revive despondent spirits. If newspaper men would spend an hour daily in walking, or otherwise exercising in the open, pure air of park or country, they would derive greater results than can be obtained from all the stimulants concocted.

Writers must be healthy. Nothing really great was ever written by a sick

person. Things have been written by invalids, but they are utterly valueless in every way. Byron, when a youth, boasted that the contents of "Hours of Idleness" were principally composed during a period of ill-health. He bequeathed to the world of letters a mighty book, but it has two blemishes: "Hours of Idleness," the product of bad health, and "Don Juan," the product of bad morals.

There is really cause for wonder that the classics of English letters should have been produced by persons who lived when beds were curtained and sleeping was done in night-caps. These geniuses of an embryonic age accomplished wonders; what should be the work of those of to-day? The new century, with its new men and women of new and purer knowledge of purer life and health, will surely be prolific of higher thought.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE. By A. C. White.

FROM a medical and common-sense standpoint the cigarette is one of the few things in this world which can be classified as purely evil. No good thing can come out of it. Its poison reaches and affects every part of the human system.

Fortunately, tobacco-chewing is falling into disrepute, even among those who constantly use the weed, and many a woman whose innate sense of refinement and delicacy rebels against the disgusting habit, will be thankful. But in the cigarette we have a foe whose deadly influence weakens the body mentally and physically, and the use of which blunts every sense.

Tobacco dealers report now that among their best cigarette customers are hundreds of women. Society women, women of wealth and position, and the dissipated girls of our land, are among this number. In the end the former go to sanatoriums and hospitals; the latter are sent to prison on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. Vice is no respecter of persons, and once it secures a firm hold, not even the virtue of woman can hold its own against the consequent results.

The statement has been made that the average man who uses tobacco sacrifices ten years of his life. Surely it is not worth this. How much better to keep the body clean, pure, and healthy. The boy who smokes cigarettes is battling against the forces of his own nature. Every cigarette smoked means a cannon ball sent crashing through some nerve cell. The brain is paralysed, the nerves are made tremulous, the blood becomes thinner and paler, the boy is irritable and peevish, he loses his appetite, and cannot sleep at night, and if Nature holds out and the habit is continued, he finally becomes insane. This is not an overdrawn picture. Many a lad has trodden this downward path to insanity and self-destruction. The metamorphosis comes slowly; it comes, nevertheless, surely. A noted physician says: "That the tobacco habit should be taken up in early youth, with the nervous system in perfect condition, and a disease deliberately invited that makes the highest sense of comfort impossible except drawn through a cigar—that such a habit should be deliberately formed when there is not the least sense of any want for its soothing effects, is a human anomaly."

Mothers who are bemoaning the faults of their boys should see to it that they themselves are not blameworthy. Have you kept yourself in touch with his condition, his failings, his struggles? Have you made a companion of your boy? Have you helped him with that strong, sweet influence which only a mother possesses?

The boy is to be helped. He must be delivered from this terrible vice with which Satan is endeavouring to rob him of his rightful heritage—a strong, pure, useful manhood—and who shall be the agent? It cannot be left entirely to the boy, to the Church, to outside influences. The home has its part to perform in this great tragedy.

Ancient and Modern Dandyism.

I am rather glad to see some of my contemporaries sticking up for the dandy, and pointing out that in the past some of our greatest men did not disdain to give much thought to the niceness of their attire. Raleigh, it is pointed out, was a dandy of a most pronounced description, and many other instances might be cited of "exquisites" who filled a large place in the world's history. A care for one's personal appearance does not necessarily imply effeminacy, and it may be recalled that the "Last of the Dandies" himself, Count D'Orsay, was a man of enormous physical strength. Perhaps the real trouble lies at the door of dandies of the Lord Anglesey type, brainless fops and weaklings far removed indeed from the type of Ouida's guardsmen, who, despite their scent and silver-backed hair-brushes, could take the average hooligan in the finger and thumb and throw him over a house with a languid gesture. The dandy at the present day has so seldom any brains that able men who have a hankering after dandyism are afraid of being classed with the noodles. Thus it is that a flourishing industry has decayed, and we are in danger of losing our proud pre-eminence in the art of dressing well.—*London Evening News.*

Not Criminals at Heart.

My experience, gained by close contact with the men in our prisons during the last seven years, has convinced me that but a small percentage of the eighty thousand now within prison walls should be called criminal at heart. I believe that in every man's heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one knows rightly how to touch it—some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven, amid all the jangling discords of life.—MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

3,000 Germ Colonies on a Pin Point.

Dr. Somerville Hastings, in lecturing on "Cleaning the Home," at the Institute of Hygiene recently, said a very simple experiment made by an eminent bacteriologist determined in a startling manner the potential dangers associated with accumulations of dust in living rooms. A pin point was used to convey as much dust as so small a vehicle would carry. This yielded no less than 3,000 colonies of living germs when cultivated on gelatine, and although fortunately, every species was not representative of disease, yet the majority were potent sources of decomposition and danger to health.

A FINE PIECE OF STATUARY.

A CHATTY LETTER FROM JAPAN.

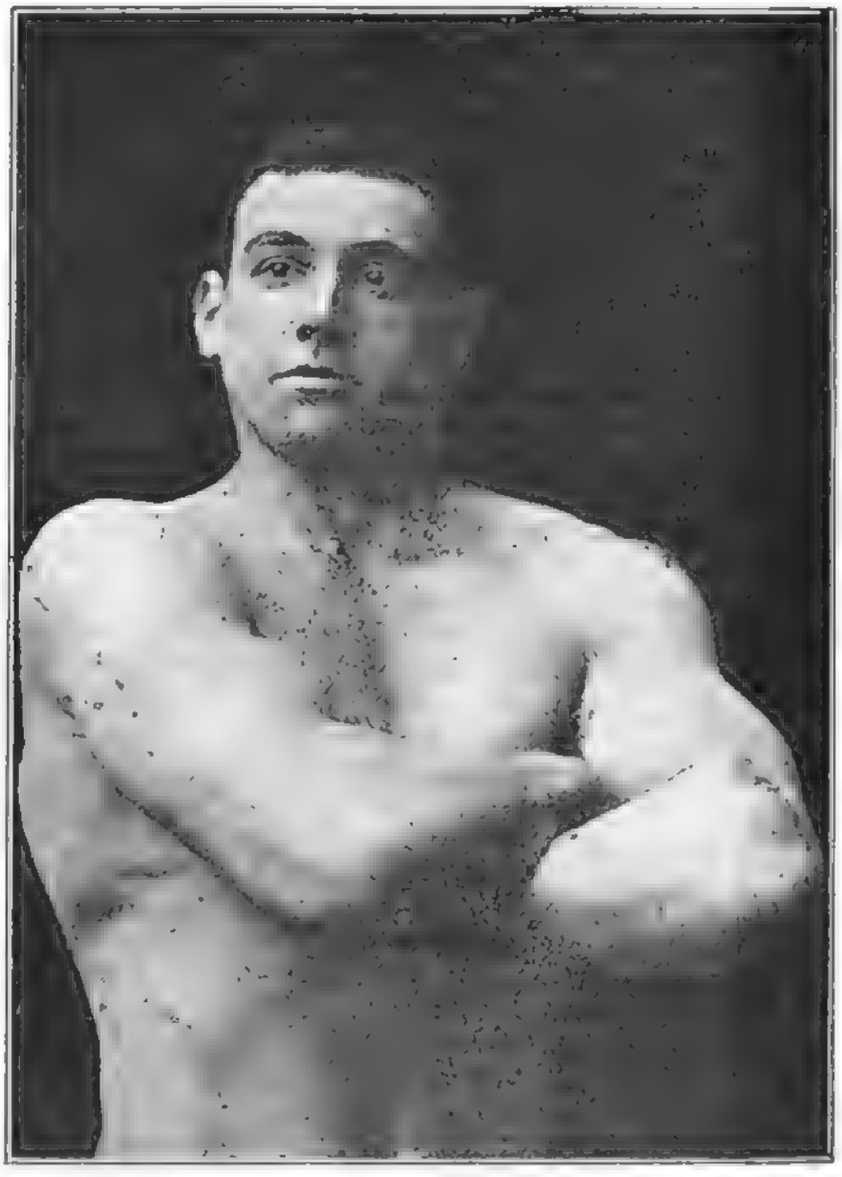
A TRAVELLER'S first impression of Japan, taken from the view from the landing stage of one of the great ports, would no doubt be—"How like Europe!" If he makes his way for a few hundred yards towards the centre of that town, he will find the similarity has ceased, and the great trouble the traveller will have will be to make a comparison in any respect. The streets are generally narrow, the shops so unlike those of England, and even goods for sale in most instances are of a nature altogether foreign to the use of Englishmen. After landing, one is immediately assailed by the jinrikisha-men, who look upon the stranger as their own special prey, and they have a wonderful habit of scenting out a traveller from among the many Europeans often congregated on the Notoba on the arrival of one of the ocean-going vessels. Numerous instances are on record of kurumaya, as they are called, waiting outside a shop for their fare—who was inside making purchases—suddenly espying a stranger and making a bolt for him, regardless of the fact he was losing the money which he had already earned. No doubt the stranger found 'rikisha riding very dear. This mode of travelling is not dear—if one pays the legal fare. But unless a "junga" (policeman) is close by, one has to listen to a whole category of unintelligible gibberish, and readily pay a few sen more to get rid of the noisy coolie. Still, theirs is a short and by no means merry life. Out in all weathers, plastered back and front with mud in wet weather, and having to sit at chilly corners after a fast run, all tend to make the existence of the kurumaya perhaps the most unenviable of all livings; and one can scarcely blame them for making hay while the sun shines in their very short harvest.

Leaving the kurumaya to seek another fare, one looks at the shops. These, with their well-meaning but badly-spelt signs, are a source of never-ending merriment to residents and tourists alike. Outside a poultry dealer's was (and still is) a sign, and he that runs may read "Hen's Meat"; one way of describing the much-maligned spring-chicken. A bookstore notice gave the intimation, "Christian book sold here"—and it was not a notice of Bibles for sale, but for English magazines. Another sign-board, which puzzled the writer and afforded food for reflection every day for a week or two, was: "Eyes see two optekal, cetek vishun asurred." What was meant was "Eyes seen to by optician. Glasses to suit all visions or sights." Hundreds more could be quoted, but one is worthy of a better cause: "We have honesty from some customers." The rest must have been a very dishonest crowd. What was meant, however, was that the shopkeeper had testimonials from his customers. The notice, "No two price," tells its own story. The majority of the shops are still of the Japanese design—that is, a low shop front about 18 inches high, with no window-glass. The shutters are taken down in the morning, leaving the whole of the shop open to the dust of the street—and in most Japanese towns there is plenty of the finer particles of Mother Earth in circulation. Southend is not alone in that respect. It is only in the foreign-style shops that customers wear geta (footgear); in purely Japanese shops all geta are left at the doorway, and the polite Japanese always begs the shopkeeper's pardon before entering. Really in all classes of Japanese society, except perhaps the coolie, it would be no exaggeration to say that fully two minutes in a five minutes' conversation are spent in the ceremony of politeness. No European artist in deportment could excel a Japanese in the art of bowing.

The thing most commented on by Europeans is the apparent difference between the man and the woman of Japan. One could easily imagine them to be of different races, for as a rule the women have a claim to good looks, but whatever may be put forward in favour of the men of Dia Nippon (Great Japan), one could never accuse them of possessing facial beauty. The women are very gentle—almost

childish, in fact—and the more one gets into contact with them the more apparent become the vast differences in character to that of the men. In social standing the woman is the slave of the man in Japan, and it is claimed that the keeping of them in the back-ground is responsible for their gentleness and bewitching manners. What do the ladies of Southend and Westcliff say to this? One rarely sees a woman in Japan who has not the slight forward inclination of the head and shoulders—the sign of humbleness. The best idea one can get of a Japanese woman is when one hears her American cousin say "What dear little things"—and they are, especially when dressed in their silk kimono, many-coloured obi, white socks, and lacquered geta. The obi is the broad sash round the waist, and may easily cost £5 to £15. A Japanese lady's dress will often cost a great deal more than an English lady's finery, though composed of half the number of articles.

Drunkenness is not unknown, but it is not seen as in European towns, and after six months in the country the writer had only seen one instance. On New Year's Day, however, many had evidently had an overdose of saki, and the rikisha-men did brisk trade in providing a comfortable conveyance for the inebriated though happy Japanese who had been paying New Year calls.



Thomas Inch (the well-known Physical Culture Instructor).

Sidewalks to the street are very seldom seen, and are really not necessary, as horse-drawn traffic is hardly used in most towns, and with the exception of a few rikisha there is no heavy traffic to scare the pedestrian. With the introduction of the bicycle, however, one hears the same old sad criticism of "scorching" proclivities, and the same old list of accidents that "nearly" happened, though one must admit it is only owing to the wonderful ability of the Japanese cyclists that accidents do not sometimes happen in the crowded streets.

There is a law regarding smoking, *i.e.*, that no youth shall smoke until he is of age, but it is honoured more in the breach than in the observance, and when one considers that the women smoke quite as much as the men, it is scarcely to be wondered at. More than once the writer admired a Japanese lady in a train, only to have the ideal shattered when the "vision of loveliness" produced her silver pipe and indulged in her customary few puffs, for it takes a long while to get used to the smoking habit amongst Japanese women. The cigarette has decidedly "caught on" in Japan, and

judging from the number consumed, seem to be superseding the peculiar little pipe, the bowl of which held about enough for three or four puffs. The marvel is how Japanese can smoke the cigarette made under the Government monopoly, for the writer has memories of dried leaves which were quite tasty compared with the Japanese apology for cigarette. True, one cannot expect great things at 5 sen (1¾d.) per packet of ten with holders. English cigarettes unfortunately, come under the Customs idea of luxuries, and the great duty on them causes one to yearn for even those English cigarettes named after a wild flower. A visit to a ship in the harbour generally manages to supply one's needs for a few weeks if too much time is not devoted at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine."

A stranger's first night in Japan generally lives in his memory for the rest of his life, for the many strange sounds and different calls of the hot-food sellers keep him awake till the wee sma' hours, however tired he may be. The blind amma (massuer), with his plaintiff call on a bamboo flute, the "clap-clap" of the watchman, who frightens away the evil-doer with two pieces of wood which he beats together, the cry of the hot maccorini seller, all tend to keep one awake, and if, by some mischance, a mosquito has found its way under the net, sleep is impossible until one has given the intruder notice to quit.

THE RENEWAL OF STRENGTH.

Price 1 2 Post Free.

By the Rev. Charles A. Hall,

Author of "The Art of being Healthy," etc., and Editor of "The Scottish Health Reformer."

STRENGTH, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within. However weak an individual may be, he has, deep set within his nature, the potencies of robust manhood. Indeed, strength may be regarded as a spiritual entity waiting to express itself through physical agencies when the necessary conditions are fulfilled. An Apostle said, "God is love"; we might, with equal truth, declare that God is strength. The strength which God is, resides in the heart of things, and its tendency is to radiate its potency in much the same way as the sun radiates heat and light. But the strength which is latent in all can only manifest itself when conditions are provided for its expression; and its expression is regulated by immutable law. We can never express strength unless we recognise this fact, and obey those laws, obedience to which leads to development on all planes of existence.

Obedience to one particular law is absolutely essential in this matter, and that is the law of exercise. Every physical culturist knows that there can be no development without exercise. And as we persist in obedience to this law in the exercise of any particular set of muscles, we discover that we have provided the necessary conditions for the expression of strength in the desired way.

When the prophet Isaiah said: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," he uttered a profound and enlightening truth, that is, if we are prepared to interpret his statement aright. In the first place, we must be prepared to understand that the Lord is not a magnified man, but a Being of Infinite Love, Wisdom, and Power, the Absolute Life, and the Centre and Source of our strength. This strength is not imparted as presents might be given to sycophantic supplicants by a capricious earthly monarch. On the reverse, it is constantly going forth, and may be regarded as an all-pervading spirit ever present with us, and even nestling in the interior of our own natures.

And "to wait upon the Lord" does not necessarily mean to appeal to Him

in the orthodox fashion, but rather indicates the necessity of full obedience to those Natural and spiritual laws, which makes us grow in wisdom, stature, and power. The condition, then, of the expression of strength is the fulfilment of the law. And it is well for us to inquire what the law really is in this respect.

In the first place, it may be regarded from a purely physical point of view. It is, according to law, that the human body requires three essential factors for its upkeep. The first is air, the second water, the third food.

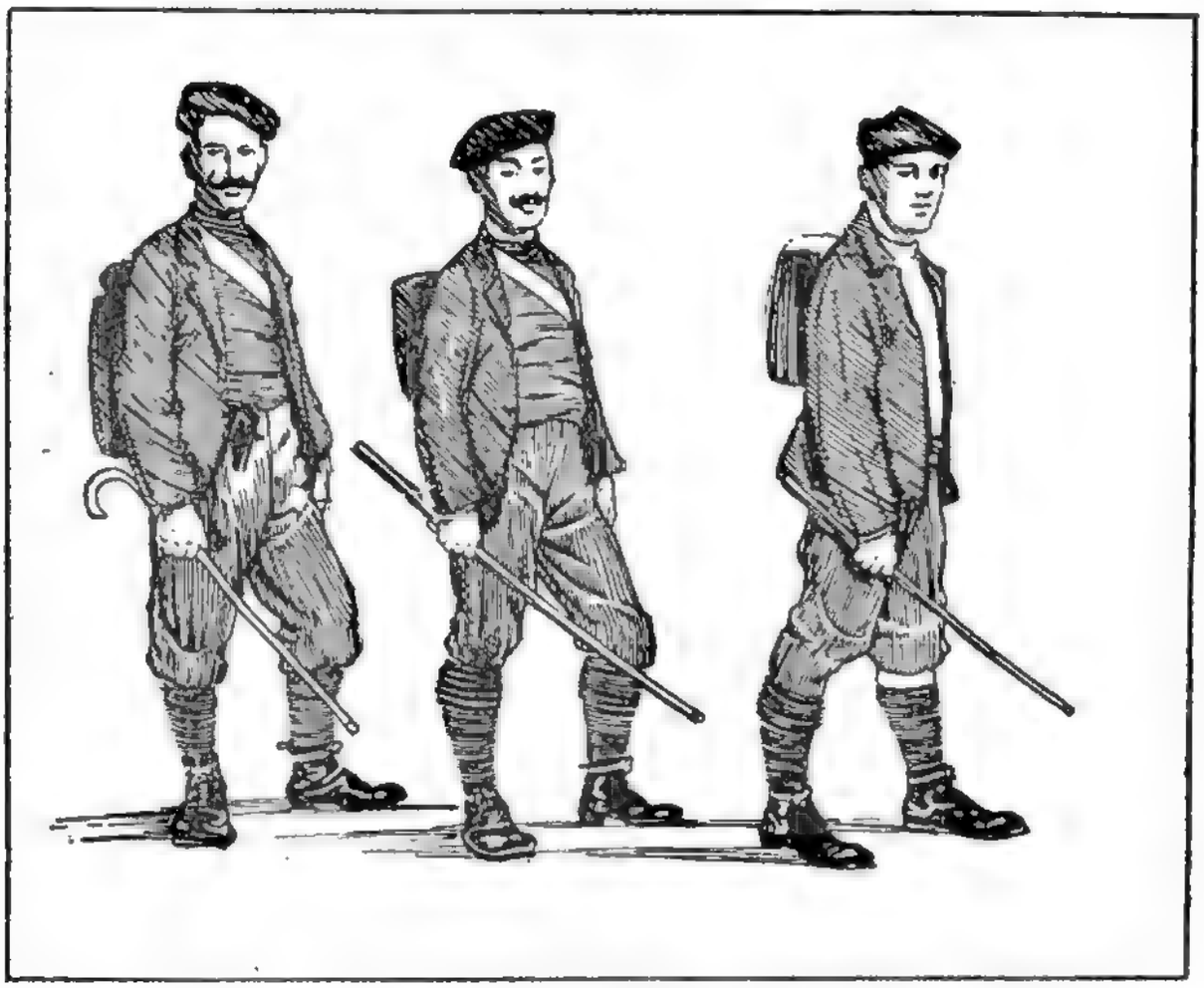
It may be asked why I place air first. Are not water and food more important? My answer is that air is of primary importance, for the simple reason that we can exist physically only a few seconds without it. The air we breathe should be as pure as possible, and in order to secure purity it is necessary that we should return to Nature as far as convenient, and avoid the impurities that are inevitable in congested cities. Most people think that it is quite sufficient to breathe air, and, in order to get the fullest benefit, to practise deep breathing; but they often fail to recognise the necessity of actually bathing in the air. As a matter of fact, air is for internal and external application; and for external application it is necessary to take air baths in the garb of Nature. This can be done in a bedroom thoroughly ventilated and with the windows and doors wide open, but it is better done entirely out of doors if the necessary privacy can be obtained. But it is not only necessary that we should have an air bath occasionally; it is also imperative that we should have the advantage of an external application of air constantly. This means that our clothing must be of a light and porous character. Porous vegetable underwear next to the skin is the best I know, and all woollen undercloth-ing should, as far as possible, be avoided. Many people who obey the laws of health in almost every other respect are guilty of disobedience in this. In order to keep themselves warm they wear heavy clothing, which has exactly the opposite effect from that for which it is intended. No one can be properly warm when the air does not reach the skin and stimulate its activities.

The second essential is water, and this, like air, is for internal and external application. Tea, coffee, cocoa, wines, and various manufactured drinks may be very delectable to people of certain tastes. They are, however, unnatural preparations, and can never have the same beneficial effect upon the system as water. The human body requires at least five pints of water daily for its upkeep. A good deal of this may be taken in fruit, salads, etc. But the organism will not work right unless it has its full water supply. It is, therefore, good to drink cold water *between* and not at meals. This water drinking has, among other virtues, the effect of thoroughly flushing the drainage system of the body. But water has to be applied externally as well, and this for cleansing purposes in the form of a bath. My experience leads me to conclude that a hot bath should not be taken more than once a week, and that it is natural to take a cold bath, which should be taken daily, not completely immersing the body in cold water, but sitting on the haunches in water a few inches deep, and then splashing and rubbing the body well all over. This has a far better stimulating and health-giving effect than any other kind of artificial bath I know. Perhaps the best bath is that taken *a la* Nature in a shower of rain.

The third essential for the physical being is food. This must be of the best, and the best is that which is naturally adapted to the requirements of the human frame. It has been demonstrated by well-known investigators that the human system is constituted for a frugivorous diet. And it has been demonstrated over and over again that a superb physical manhood can be maintained on food consisting of cereals, nuts, fruits, and salads. The best nourishment can be obtained from food when it is taken uncooked. It is more easily digested in that condition, and in every way better adapted to physical requirements.

But we have to remember that strength of body should but serve strength of character. And we find that

strength of character can only come through obedience to the law of exercise. Everyone admires the man of strong will who resolutely holds before his mind's eye a high ideal of culture and manhood. That will can only be obtained by development, and the development comes by exercising the will in all things good and true. This philosophy applies to everything in connection with our manhood. As we gain strength of physique from the physical atmosphere, so do we gain strength of character from the spiritual atmosphere in which we live. And as we physically benefit by water and pure food, so do we develop our higher manhood by feeding our minds with noble affections and pure thoughts.



A TRIO OF HUNGARIAN GLOBE-TROTTERS.

Eugene Eosze, Bela Orley, and Arthur Mayer are a trio of Hungarian globe-trotters. One of the terms of their wager makes it compulsory to secure authentic proofs that they have visited all countries and all large cities by calling at the office of the chief magistrate or at the leading newspaper for signatures.

Mr. Eosze has a record as a long-distance walker, having carried off the 10,000 mark prize in the Dresden-Berlin match in 1902. Orley, who hails from Feher Dezso Town, and Meyer, of Temesvar, are both lieutenants in reserve of the Austrian Army, and joined Eosze in the globe-trotting undertaking in a spirit of bravado The prize they are to receive if they complete the trip in five years without riding or begging is 15,000 florins (£1,200) each.

Mr. Eosze, who is quite a wit, characterised the different countries in these terse words:—"If you want to be welcome all over the world, then through Germany carry books, through Italy loaves of bread, when in Spain bark, when in France be a somnambulist, in Russia pretend not to read or write." When asked about Great Britain he paused, winked, and in his rich musical Magyar tongue he said, "Utazz asszony ruhaban" ("Travel in woman's attire").

In all their travels they were only three times threatened with death. In Spain they encountered highwaymen, in Italy they faced starvation, and in America they were nearly run down by an express train in the Altoona tunnel.

A THRILLING AND HAIR-RAISING FORM OF RECREATION FOR HEALTH.

TO Dr. Alfred Chapuis, professor of zoology in the University of Geneva, belongs the credit for inventing the most thrilling and hair-raising form of recreation ever heard of.

Professor Chapuis finds that it is very beneficial to his health and nerves to ride for a mile at the tremendous rate of three miles a minute down a slender steel cable extending from the top of one of the highest peaks in the Saleve mountain, Switzerland, across chasms, precipices, valleys, and streams to the very bottom of the Saleve valley. If the wire broke, or Professor Chapuis lost his balance and fell, he would be dashed to pieces.

Remarkable as it may seem to most of us, who would not dare to make a trip down the wire, no matter how high the inducement. Professor Chapuis declares that his health has improved vastly since he first ventured out into space astride the slender cable.

"I prefer to make my trips very early in the morning when there are very few people to watch me coming down," he explained. "I am doing this for my health, not for show purposes, and consequently I have serious objections to giving public exhibitions. Besides, it would not be consistent with the dignity of a professor of zoology to make a public spectacle of himself flying through the clouds on a slack wire."

Professor Chapuis is one of the most diligent workers in the University of Geneva, where he has occupied the chair of zoology for five years. Close application to his labours threatened to undermine his health, when he sought for a strenuous form of recreation to counteract the wear and tear on his nervous system.

One morning, while climbing Saleve mountain, the idea of sliding down from the top on a wire occurred to him. The mountain is a vast, double-peaked mass of limestone, lying to the south-east of the city of Geneva, and forms a very favourite summer resort. The mountain is full of quarries, especially at Veyrier, about three and one-half miles from the city, and at the foot of the mountain. Years ago the big blocks of stone were blasted from the quarries close at hand by the villagers, but in recent years, since the introduction of aerial ropeways, local proprietors have attacked the mountain top itself with success, and made it yield up its valuables at all levels.

Anyone may see for himself the huge blocks of limestone travelling, apparently of their own volition, down the steel cable hundreds of feet above the valley. It was the sight of these stone blocks travelling from high up on the mountain down into the valley that suggested the idea to Professor Chapuis. There seemed no reason why he should not also slide down from the mountain to the village. It seemed to him that it was exactly the form of recreation he had been seeking.

"I had not the slightest idea of attaining any notoriety," said the doctor of zoology, "or of performing any dare-devil trick with that object. I said nothing to my friends when I made my final decision, but arranged all the details with the manager of the cable, who most strenuously opposed my plan.

"'You will certainly fall,' he declared, 'and I shall be responsible for your death.' It was madness—utter madness, he urged. Even supposing the cable would stand it, the young scientist would surely lose his grip on the wire and slide with fatal rapidity to the bottom. The steel wire cable, by the way, is about three-quarters of an inch thick, and its total length is over a mile. At one dizzy point there is a loose swinging strand of nearly a thousand feet between two supports, and the height at this point is about 380 feet above the dreadful jagged rocks.

"The gradient, too," M. Chapuis continued, "is extremely steep, varying from

forty to fifty degrees, so strong nerves and a firm hold were absolutely necessary to the slider. I assured the manager I should take every precaution, and that in any event no blame should attach to him. All the same, he was in a pitiful state of apprehension the day he saw me prepare for a first descent.

"I threw my legs on either side of the thin wire, much as I would across a horse, my face toward the summit and my hands firmly gripping the wire. Just as I swung myself clear of the rock the manager turned away, trembling with terror. I was wearing some extra heavy trousers I had prepared, and, of course the stoutest gloves obtainable, but when I reached the bottom they were not only torn to ribbons, but my hands and body had suffered severely from the friction and great heat generated by the swiftness of my descent.

"Before making a second trip I had a kind of breeches-saddle made of stout leather, and this, with a pair of soft, pliable leather gloves, has proved a very successful outfit. I hardly know what my sensations were during the first trip. It all happened so quickly that my sole instinct lay in holding on tight with hands and feet. The air of my descent roared and boomed in my ears like the noise of a train as I tore along, and lashed my face like a whip-cut.

"You see, I had not yet learned properly to regulate my speed. And although somewhat better prepared for the second descent, it was during that trip I had my worst experience. When I reached the most perilous point of the aerial ropeway I suddenly lost control of myself, and in a twinkling had turned completely upside down still descending at high speed, even in that serious condition. It was a miracle that I ever regained my balance—a matter calling for immense muscular effort.

"I succeeded in doing this, but in what manner I cannot explain. It was quite a desperate moment, and in a struggle for life of that kind a man works automatically. As a general rule, you may say my sensation is one of great exhilaration; and during descents at present I am able to admire the superb view over our historic lake, the lovely valley, and even as far afield as the Lake of Annecy, in the High Savoy. Of danger I never think any longer.

"Oddly enough, as I climb Mont Saleve to the starting point—a tremendous pinnacle of rock—I often grow giddy, but the moment I swing off these feelings leave me and exhilaration takes their place. I make the descent in all weathers. I have come down in the teeth of a strong breeze, with the rope rocking and swaying like some tremendous cradle—violently enough, in fact, to cause me slight sea-sickness.

"But, after all, this was at the beginning of my practice on the line, and now I have so trained my limbs that with extra muscular pressure on the cable I can diminish speed at once, and even remain stationary for an appreciable length of time. I look forward with very great pleasure to each trip, which never seems to lose its novelty.

"My finest point of view, perhaps, is above and beyond Monnetier, where from the great swaying span I look out upon the Petit-Saleve and the Grand-Saleve; the wooded slopes and ivy-mantled chateaus; the caves and pretty villages, and above all the majestic grandeur of the Mont Blanc chain, the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Jura, the Cantons of Vaud and Geneva, and part of France.

"I fancy I am the only wire-rope traveller in the world who makes trips solely for his health. I try not to announce my descents beforehand, but somehow there are always plenty of spectators on hand, chiefly people from the country round about, who like to fling me gay salutations as I skim past them high up in the air like a flying bird.

"My friends have timed me for over half a mile at the highest speed I dared travel. They found I travelled at the rate of one mile in twenty seconds. Seated backward on the wire and descending at an angle of forty-five degrees I was able to breathe without discomfort. Although it is the most exhilarating exercise I ever took, I would not recommend it to everybody."

LABOUR AT COLLEGE.

(Illustrations by courtesy of "Sunday Companion.")

How Ruskin Hall, Oxford, Helps the Working Man.

HARD AT WORK.

DEMOCRACY is forging ahead in this country at a rate that is surprising both aristocracy and snobocracy.

By far the most significant feature of the recent election was the return to the House of Commons of a strong body of Labour representatives. No one except those closely in touch with the quiet and intelligent methods of the organisation that was preparing this immense surprise packet, anticipated what is nothing more nor less than a legitimate revolution.

The "men with spades" caused no shedding of blood, carried no spears nor knives, burned down no buildings, but they have effected a democratic advance movement in this country that has naturally made the aristocracy and the *bourgeoise* wonder what class of men these new legislators are.

THE COOK IN THE KITCHEN.

They are men who have earned their laurels by sheer force of character and personality, and by seizing advantage of every new opportunity offered them for the acquisition of knowledge. Wisdom they had already learned in their youthful struggles for existence.

They are the product of the Board School and the poor man's *alma mater*, Ruskin College, Oxford. When Mr. Walter Vrooman, a generous American and intense admirer of Ruskin, founded the latter institution, he little thought that it would be the means of enabling the "horny-handed" son of toil to not only enter the mother of Parliaments, but to surprise political Rip-van-Winkles by his erudition, his culture, and his rhetorical abilities.

Ruskin Hall has given the necessary finishing touch to the education of a number of the new Labour members in the

House, and has enabled many a poor working-man to climb the golden ladder of learning.

Although not officially connected with the University, Ruskin Hall was founded with the object of bringing some of the exceptional advantages of Oxford within the reach of working men. In many of the colleges of America it is quite a common thing to find a number of young men bravely "working" their way through college. They are occasionally found at the most menial forms of labour, boot-cleaning, charing, laundrying, anything, in fact, that will enable them to acquire the education necessary to occupy the professions and high political posts. In democratic America, such conduct is admired and encouraged. In tradition-bound England, Oxford or Cambridge would be shocked at such a thing.

Ruskin Hall fills the void. The subjects on which special emphasis is laid are history, sociology, British constitutional law, modern institutions, political economy, English literature, etc., all subjects of importance to the man who aspires to become a good citizen.

The work is carried on in two ways—by residence at Oxford and by correspondence.

DENNIS HIRD, M.A. (Warden).

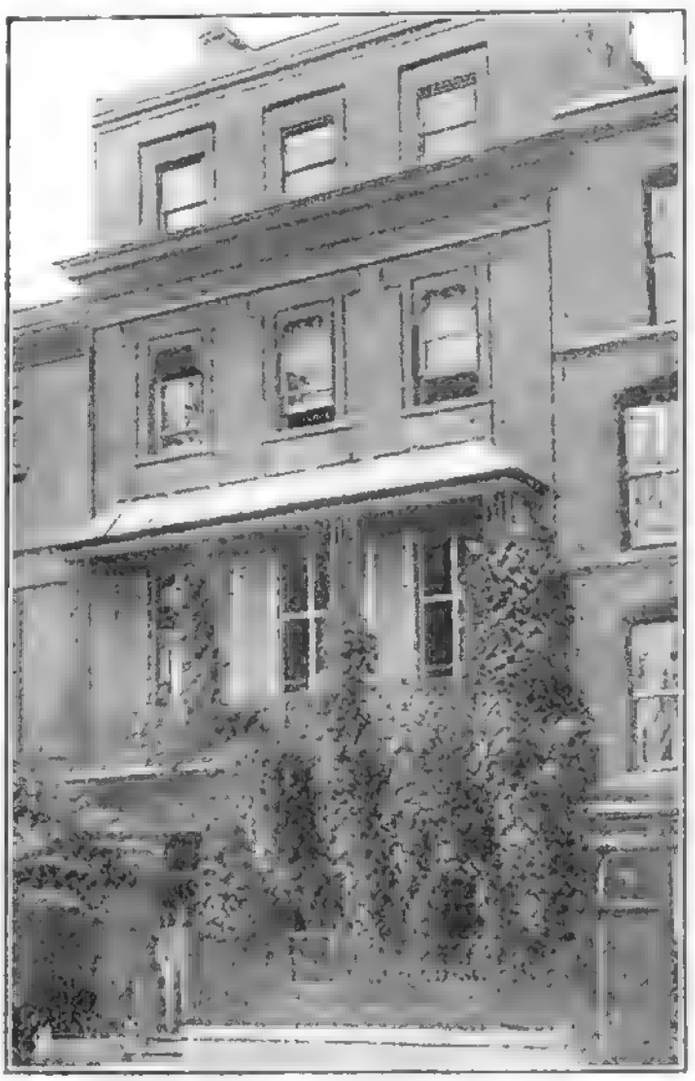
Every student admitted to Ruskin Hall is expected to work two hours a day at cooking, cleaning, etc., as no servants

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE

are kept. Thus, by mutual help, the cost of residence, including board and lodging, is reduced to 10s. per week, or £25 a year. The tuition and tutors' fees amount to only 2s. 6d. per week.

It will be seen that, as a resident student, the intellectual working man may have a year's course at Ruskin Hall, Oxford, for something less than £30. That brings the higher education within the reach of many with limited means.

But how do cooking, scrubbing of floors, washing crockery, laying tables, and the whole curriculum of housework harmonise with study? Very well indeed, judging from the happy air of the students.



RUSKIN HALL

A student arriving on Monday evening will in due time be summoned to the house-meeting. Here are declared the duties of the week, and the student learns whether it will be his privilege to carry coals and light fires or else clean knives and boots.

After the house-meeting the newcomer may retire to the study, the library, or the smoke-room till 11 p.m., when lights are put out and the Hall is locked up for the night. The new man turns in, and the next event in his conscious life is ushered in with a bang! bang! at his bedroom door.

"Rise and shine; it's a lovely morning!" The new student looks at his watch, to discover that it is 6.30, and then remembers that he must take his place in the "sweeps." He soon finds himself one of a band of six, bearing brooms, dustpans and dusters.

Domestic work, study, and attending a vast number of lectures fill in the weekly life of the student.

The Ruskin Hall lectures include several very distinguished scholars, such as Mr. Dennis Hird, M.A. (Warden), sociology; Mr. H. F. Hall, M.A., political economy; Mr. J. A. Dixon, B.A., principles of politics; the works of Ruskin, Mr. A. J. Halking, M.A.; and H. B. Lees Smith.

The Correspondence Department is a very important branch of Ruskin Hall work. It is presided over by Miss M. P. Giles, a lady who has devoted her whole energies to helping the student who, from force of circumstances, cannot come into residence at the Hall. Miss Giles has considerably more than one thousand earnest correspondents, who are encouraged to promote habits of systematic reading and study in connection with the routine of daily life, the aim being to give those who have not had the advantages of higher education an opportunity of enjoying the pleasure of broader studies and to encourage independent thought.

The cost of the various courses is a mere trifle. This system of advancement by correspondence is availed of by thoughtful working men throughout the land.

THE HOUSE-MEETING ON MONDAY EVENINGS.

The founder was fortunate in those he gathered round him at the outset. All still form part of the organisation, only the founder has gone. The principal is Mr. Dennis Hird, M.A., at one time a clergyman in the Church of England. The Vice-Principal is Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, M.A.; Mr. Bertram Wilson is the general secretary; Mr. A. J. Hacking, M.A., corrects the essays sent in by the corresponding students—those who cannot afford to enter the college; and Miss Giles and Miss Williamson take classes and attend to the clerical work. They form, indeed, a noble band of workers, and the writer counts it one of the greatest privileges of his life to have known them. To meet them in their daily lives constitutes by itself a liberal education. They could have easily found a better market for their talents. Their hard-won degrees could have brought them a better pecuniary reward, but they all seem to find happiness in placing their knowledge at the disposal of the workers. The most striking figure of all is the Principal. Clever and vigorous, yet sympathetic and lovable, he is a man who has influenced many lives, and we hope will be spared to influence many more. With halting footsteps and shaking knees you wend your way to his room. You enter, hand your essay to him, and then sink into the nearest chair. He thoughtfully peruses it, creates a demand for red ink, and then, with bated breath, you watch him put at the top right-hand corner the number of marks the essay is worth. Then he turns to you with a winning smile, and gently points out the strong and weak points of what you have written. This puts the mind of the master into motion, and as he talks, you learn to understand Herbert Spencer: Charles Darwin's writings become entrancing; Swinburne, Browning, and Tennyson are lovingly and gently handled, and even dry-as-dust authors begin to tingle with life. Dennis Hird takes one to the very mountain tops of knowledge, and inspires in one a love of the beautiful.

The daily routine of the college and the system of education which prevails there all tend towards the developing of the higher moral and intellectual life of the student. With the exception of a cook, no servants are kept; hence the domestic duties are performed by the student. As a consequence of this nothing is regarded as menial; all is service. Every Monday night the students hold a house meeting, and the duties are allocated for the week. In the talks round the smoking-room fire and in the debating class, a man's angles get rubbed away, and he is taught to give as well as take. To sum up, the college is a standing protest against the rampant selfishness of our times.

"THROW AWAY YOUR TOOTH BRUSHES," SAYS A DOCTOR—AND WHY.

A COUPLE of years ago a physician contributed to the mirth of nations by declaring that the bath tub was man's most dangerous enemy; by the unnatural habit of washing ourselves the human race had upset all Nature's plans. Now comes Dr. E. Palier with a warning article against the tooth brush. The tooth brush, says Dr. Palier, has been in vogue for a long time without being suspected of doing any mischief. Nowhere is it used with such vigour as it is here, and nowhere is the demand for artificial teeth and their employment as prevalent as in this country. The tooth brush, in my opinion, is a potent factor in the causation of many ills, and I consider the matter of too great importance to be overlooked.

The mouth, as is well known, is teeming with microbes; if we examine a drop of sputum under the microscope it will be found to be loaded with bacteria. Pneumococci are frequently found in the sputum of healthy people, and, in addition, there may be other pathogenic micro-organisms from various sources. The means of safeguarding against infection by the micro-organisms is to keep the mucous membrane intact; wherever there is a breach of service, however insignificant it may be, infection may take place, especially if the system be in such a state that the resisting power is lessened, such, for instance, as extreme fatigue, hunger, etc. I think we can safely say that, in a number of infectious diseases, the infection is introduced through the mouth. The local inflammatory affections are, of course, due to some local infection, but even systematic infectious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlatina, etc., are frequently primarily caused by local infection of the mouth.

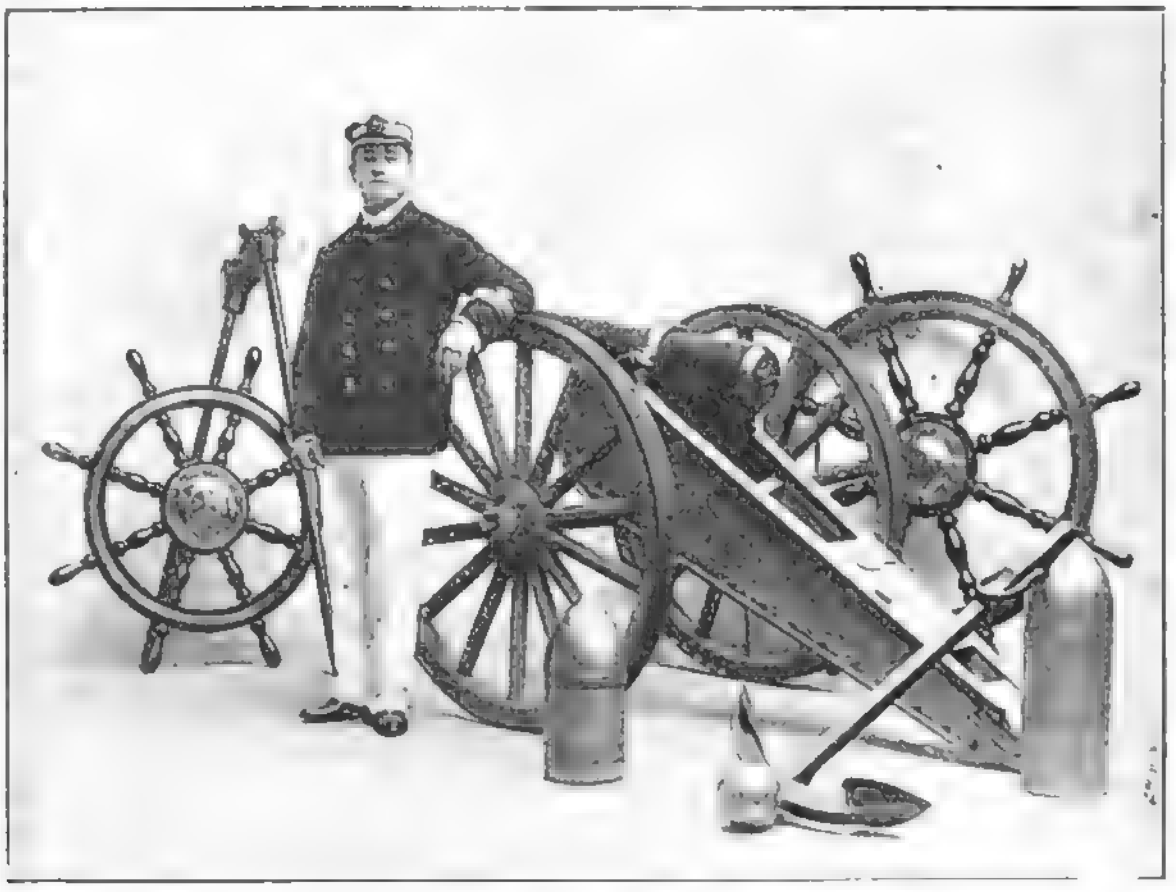
Now, the tooth brush is, first of all, always loaded with micro-organisms; in order to make it aseptic it would have to be submitted either to strong chemical germicides or to prolonged boiling, as some microbes are extremely resisting, especially the sporulent ones. The tooth brush is seldom, if ever, properly sterilised. It is simply rinsed in cold or hot water, which is altogether inadequate. Then, too, the brush is usually stiff, the hairs get in between the teeth, causing an abrasion of the gums, and thus one practically innoculates himself with microbes. If they happen to be virulent ones they will surely cause disease. For instance, a nurse attending a case of diphtheria may have blown into her mouth some particle of the patient's sputum loaded with microbes. She uses a tooth brush, which causes some abrasions of the mucous membrane, and thus innoculates herself with the disease.

Antiseptics for the mouth will hardly do, and it is practically impossible to sterilise this cavity on account of its many nooks and corners. In addition, the tooth brush frequently causes local irritation and painful gums. Such a case recently came to my office, the patient complaining of extreme tenderness of the lower gums, which entirely disappeared on discarding the tooth brush. To see a middle-aged or even young person in this country with healthy teeth is a rarity.

Dr. Palier assures us that he has no objections to cleanliness, but he has a substitute for the brush to recommend. Here it is:—

I have found that for cleansing the teeth aseptic absorbent cotton is best. A piece of cotton, about the size of a walnut, should be taken, soaked in fresh water, and made into a pledget, tooth-powder put on it, and, holding it between the thumb and inner fingers, the teeth thoroughly cleansed. It will be a little awkward, of course, at first, but with a little experience one may easily manage it.

The tooth brush, to be safe, must be disinfected each time it is used. For reasons that are apparent, it is not wise to use on it strong antiseptics as it is taken into the mouth. If one is determined to use the tooth brush, it should be sterilised by boiling it for at least half an hour.



BRINN AND HIS PLAYTHINGS.

BRINN: THE CANNON KING.

By J. St. A. JEWELL,

Author of "The Loss of the Malpasia, and Other Sea Stories."

THE glare of the electric light lit up the poster brazenly. "Brinn," it said boldly. Again, two steps further on, it stood out conspicuously from the paper-covered hoarding in all the gaze-compelling contrast of blue on white.

Who was Brinn? What was Brinn?—that was the question.

"Go and see him," said my about-town friend; you'll find him at the ——— Theatre, and when you've seen his show you've seen the sensation of the month."

Now, the Editor had said beforehand, "Go out where you like, and write of someone who is worth writing about, and whose doings will interest our readers."

And this will serve to show why I ran "Brinn" to earth in his dressing room, for what the about-town friend had said proved true, and what the Editor wanted would rest upon the ability of the scribe.

Before the man, let me give you a pen picture of his show:

Imagine, then, a beautifully-decorated variety theatre on which money had been spent with a lavish hand, and which was full even to the last seat in the gallery.

A bell rings, and the orchestra begins to play sweet music, and as the rippling notes play up and down in a fantastic cadenza, the curtain rises. As it rolls out of sight there comes magically into view the deck of a modern battleship, complete in every detail, even to the pair of big guns in barbettes.

As a murmur of admiration slowly circles round the crowded building, an officer steps on the deck of the vessel, and bows gracefully amid huge shells,

wheels, anchors, and a field gun. He divests himself of jacket and waistcoat, and begins to lift one of the shells. One perceives from the ease with which he plays with his toys that he possesses Herculean strength, but when he leaves mere handling for juggling, one's admiration merges into amazement. Better things are to follow, however.

Sailors appear suddenly, and detach the field gun from its carriage, and Brinn picks the weapon up and balances it in the crutch of a nine-foot pole. Slowly, very slowly, his hands leave the weapon and grasp the pole a foot below the crutch—but ere the audience can divine his intention, pole, cannon and all are being raised in the air. Up, and up, they rise, until he has both hands at the lower end of the pole, and then, still slowly, he places the pole end on his chin and balances the lot. The thought strikes one as he looks on, what would occur if the cannon were by any chance to fall! Scarcely has the thought taken shape than Brinn suddenly knocks the pole aside, and the cannon descends with lightning rapidity.

Brinn's brother, another fine athlete, who is preparing a feat which will shortly be seen in London.

One sees in the brief fraction of a second a sudden move on the part of the performer, which is followed by the roar of an explosion, and as the smoke clears away, there is Brinn with a smile on his face and the cannon across his shoulders.

It is all so quick, so unexpected, that for a moment the audience remain in silent, numbed astonishment, but a second later a roar of applause shakes the building from gallery to stalls.

Then follows a series of feats of dexterity with steering wheels, anchors and shells that baffle description. The man juggles with them as with balls of paper, his every movement the acme of grace, each one testifying to long, long practice.

While he plays with his anchors and shells, the gun is placed on its carriage again, and from the roof of the stage ponderous tackles appear. These are quickly attached, and the gun is hauled up until the end of the trail is about five feet from the boards. What is going to happen?

Brinn of the iron chin is the only one in the theatre who does not look perplexed. With a smile on his handsome face he steps under the suspended piece of ordnance. His left hand grasps the lanyard of the gun, and his right guides the trail end to his chin. One sees the muscles of the throat slowly tense, and then a voice is heard, "Let go!"

Suddenly the tackles lie loosely in bights, and the gun carriage and all is being balanced in the air. One second, two seconds, and Brinn's left hand jerks on the lanyard viciously. "Boom!" roars the cannon through its iron throat, and the top of the stage is obscured in a cloud of smoke.

. . . . . .

"I've come to interview you on behalf of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE," I said, producing pencil and note book.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, with just sufficient accent to indicate his nationality.

"You are an Italian, are you not?"

"I am a naturalised Englishman, but I was born in Milan."

"Tell me—How long did it take you to perfect that last feat of yours?"

Brinn smiled. "It was only after three long years that I succeeded in training myself to stand the recoil, and even now at times I am inexpressively relieved when the show is over. You see," he added, seriously, "the gun and carriage together weigh 480 lbs."

I asked an exceedingly pertinent question, but Brinn said, "I am the only man in the world who has ever done the feat. Others have tried it, but the recoil has always been too much for them. There are always plenty to copy a good show—but it's the recoil that kills in this case."

He buttoned up his coat and brushed his hat, and then turned round suddenly. "Tell the copyists this, however, that the moment another man appears who can do that feat, I will replace it by one still more difficult. I hold it up my sleeve, now, and it is the result of five years' work and incessant practice. I think it will take anyone else five years to learn, so you see that, in any case, I hold a five years' start."

They are wonderfully jealous of their "shows," are variety artistes.

Brinn knows his variety hall like I know my pen, for he gave his first show at the old Trocadero in 1890, when 19 years old.

"I was a strong man in those days," he said, smiling.

Before that, as an amateur, he had defeated all-comers for the Græco-Roman Wrestling Championship of Milan. Again, here in London, at the National Sporting Club, he carried off the gold medal and purse presented by the late Professor Atkinson, beating the famous strong man, Romus of "Romus and Romulus" fame.

As wrestler, strong man, juggler, and balancer he has travelled all over the world, but his chief claim to fame in "the profession" lies in the fact that he is the originator of the now famous cannon-balancing act. That his show is a draw is best proved by the fact that some of his engagement dates already go as far ahead as August, 1907, and managers are rapidly booking him for his intervening available dates.

"Give me," I said, "a message for the readers of Sandow's—some advice as how to get, and keep, strong and well."

He thought for a minute, and then answered, "Tell them to exercise daily, and live cleanly, plainly—and bathe. Tell them to always look at the bright side of things, for a merry heart is one of the greatest boons in life."

After balancing the cannon on a 9-foot pole, the pole is knocked aside and simultaneously an explosion is heard.

"The Principal Point of Greatnesse in any State is to have a Race of Military Men, neither is money the sinews of war (as is trivially said) when the sinews of the men's armes in base and effeminate peoples are failing."—Bacon.

"The force of the understanding increases with the health of the body; when the body labours under disease, the mind is incapacitated for thinking."—Democritus.

"If you will secure a contented spirit, you must measure your desires by your fortune and condition, not your fortunes by your desires."—Jeremy Taylor.

"The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness."—Beaconsfield.

"Many dishes bring many diseases."—Pliny.

"We can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable."—Emerson.

"Resolve to perform that which you ought; perfonm that which you have resolved."—Benjamin Franklinn

"Success don't consist in never makin' blunders, but in never makin' the same one twice."—Josh Billings.

RACE STAGNATION & RACE SALVATION.

By The Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

[The Member for Battersea says that high birth-rates are no criterion of a nation's greatness, and that high death-rates are generally to be found at the same time.]

THERE is a shameless spirit of pessimism about everything just now. The Jeremiahs have been on the rampage; the dismal and the doleful would-be experts have all been regarding other people as melancholy and things as decadent as themselves. With them everything is wrong, from latitude and longitude to the government. Not content with their universal wailing at the decay of home life, of mere man, and all-conquering woman, they have started a crusade against the babies, actual, potential, and to come. Now babies are what their mothers make them. A man's reformation must begin with his grandmother.

The current standards of judgment of man—territory and birth-rates—are wrong! Megalomania is a disease. Now, size is everything; numbers the supreme test. This is nonsense. Bigness is not greatness; numbers are not quality, mere avoirdupois not strength—look at Russia. If so, the Japanese, the Goorkhas, and other small but virile people are doomed, and, in the megalomaniac's balance, are tried and found wanting.

Personally, I am not, under all circumstances, for a desolating flood of babies. The number of a family is to me less than their quality. What is more, some regard should be paid to the mother, who too often pays needlessly for the price of excessive maternity, either by her enfeeblement or by her death. On the other hand, every healthy marriageable woman ought to marry. Better a baby in her arms than a dog in her lap, bottles in her boudoir and vain regrets in her lonely, childless life. Every married woman ought to have some children; but I disagree entirely that she ought to rear indiscriminately and without regard to fitness, means, home, and environment, all the children that, apart from choice, disposition, and sustainable capacity, she is capable of being maternally responsible for. I knew an instance of a man whose wife bore to him nine children in ten years. The mother died with the arrival of the ninth. He was a brute; she was his victim.

On the other hand, there are too many women here, and it is the same, or worse, in other countries, to whom sacred, enviable, necessary, maternity is a burden, a social handicap, a domestic inconvenience. Poor, silly, foolish creatures! As the years go inevitably they will find, to their loss, cost, ill-health, unhappiness, and shame, that they who never gathered, never garnered, never will enjoy.

There is no human joy on earth equal to the maternal instinct, duly satisfied, properly enjoyed. I never realise how much man has lost in perfect happiness than when I see, enjoy, and frankly envy the all-absorbing ecstasy of a happy mother fondling a healthy child. And this joy to the individual, this duty to the race, this profitable investment for a healthy, middle, and happy feminine old age, is thrown away for the transient caprice of fashion, the dead sea fruit of society, and to preserve for a few fleeting months the mould of human form, the artificial symmetry of waist, and be the cynosure of silly eyes.

But we must be careful in generalising about the birth-rate. We cannot dogmatise about the number there should be in a family—that is governed by the individual case of mother. And we cannot determine the number of children a woman should rear—that is governed by many things, mostly impersonal. The cheerful thing to note is that the marriage rate is either steady or slightly

rising; and where it occasionally falls it is often due to economic and commercial, rather than social or personal reasons. The illegitimate births show a substantial decline, and there is a serious increase of births over deaths; and the fact is, a falling birth-rate often indicates a rising increase of population. I believe that the small reduction in birth-rate has been exaggerated, attributed often to wrong causes, is not the evil "large family" advocates assert, is, under certain circumstances, as beneficial to individuals as it is prudent for nations. The decline is a consequence inseparable from the townward drift of the populations of the world. I am afraid it cannot be resisted.

The causes of this reduction are numerous and difficult to define. The disproportionate growth of pleasure, properly disciplined, in itself is not bad. The economic emancipation of woman, her entrance into work previously done by men, mistaken views about matrimony, that wiser education will correct; in many cases young women do not marry because they have their parents to maintain. In these cases it is a social misfortune, as the great quality there displayed would, if diverted to maternity and motherhood, be a great gain to all children and the community. But it is foolish to blame these good women for a really generous act.

The neurotic tendency of some women, the pernicious habit of drinking, among others, the housing, and other restrictions inseparable from congested urban life, all these are contributory causes. The general raising of the standard of comfort is partly responsible, as "a rich man for luck and a poor man for children" expresses a social fact as well as a physiological law.

It is not an accident, nor due to personal regulation, that a wealthy London district should have an infantile mortality of 80 to 100 per 1,000, and its poor district ranging from 274 to 400 per 1,000 per annum; and that a similar difference in the same districts at the end of life at the same ages should prevail between rich and poor.

I believe that, as the poor in that district socially improve and approximate towards their wealthy fellows, its infantile mortality will decrease, its age mortality lengthen; but its birth-rate will correspondingly diminish; and I believe the three conditions go hand in hand, and on balance are unmistakably good and desirable.

The reduction in the birth-rate concerns me less than the salvation of the babies that arrive. The regrettable and criminal infant mortality after the lowering birth-rate has been achieved must be stopped. It is a cruel, wasteful, and deplorable condition that is responsible for poor people marrying more than the rich, rearing up to a certain age double the children, and then, after the risk and burden of maternity have been incurred, having to lose from two to four times the number of their offspring up to the age of five, as compared with their richer neighbours.

I hope that increased sobriety, better homes, better food, more regular work, wiser spending, a reversion to rural or semi-rural life, will correct a not too rapid decline in the birth-rate; and that greater comfort for the mothers and greater care for the babies will rectify what is deplorable, and, better still, avert "the massacre of the innocents."

The most cheerful thing I have heard for years was told to me by a hospital surgeon as he took me around his infants' ward, and that was "that 90 to 95 per cent. of the poor babies born at birth were sound, strong, healthy young rascals," but they went to the bad either the first six months through bad or insufficient food or died within a year.

The moral of that was to keep, preserve, develop what are already born, and not merely clamour for mere increase. Among a section of the very poor, where almost animal fecundity prevails, a high birth-rate is accompanied by a relatively higher death-rate, and an infantile deterioration of life which, in many ways, is worse than death itself. A low birth-rate generally registers a lower death-rate, a healthier life existence, and, over all, a rising increase of population, in every respect better for individual members and for the whole community.

The reduction from four children to three is not the calamity alleged. If the infantile death-rate over all classes and families is reduced by half there is not only a net gain per family, there is also an actual increase in population; but, better than all, an improvement in the standard and character of all—the chief desirderata of a densely populated country like ours.

Celibacy is the crime, not the lower birth-rate of a healthier, stronger, wiser, yet smaller family.

Marriage is the virtue, not the greatest progeny.

The punishment for celibacy is exhaustion, and worse in the man. The penalty to the woman for the loss of maternity is loss of health, a diminished fund of dutiful enjoyment, a limitation of that inherent power to sacrifice that maternity gives, but also takes, and, in taking perpetuates the race, ennobles the mother, and exalts her to the highest pinnacle of social admiration.

To the bachelors, my charitable pity.

To the spinsters, my commiseration and regrets.

To the glorious mothers of not overlarge families, my compliments, respects, and everlasting homage.

To the nation, a wish, that it will see that, in raising wages, reducing hours, raising the level of life, creating homes, redistributing its wealth, avoiding war, a healthy home-life will be secured, but not an unlimited birth-rate will be obtained.

How Men Choose Wives.

NEW theories of unconscious selection on the part of man and wife—like mating with like—as opposed to Darwin's idea that men and women depend upon their perceptive and intellectual faculties in choosing each other, were propounded by Professor Karl Pearson, of University College, London, recently at the Royal Institution.

He maintained that man has an unconscious tendency to select a wife of his own height, with eyes of his own colour, a proportionate span from forefinger to forefinger, a forearm corresponding to his own, and a constitution of like physical vigour.

These theories he expounded by means of tables and diagrams.

Among every thousand men the colour of the eyes is divided as follows:—

Blue	363
Green	312
Hazel	127
Brown	94

The eyes of women are generally darker, only 286 of them in every thousand having blue ones. If these blue-eyed people married at random, the result would be that they would mate at the rate of 104 per thousand; but he had discovered that the actual number of marriages per thousand of blue-eyed persons was 140, or 36 above the random average, thus proving that the blue-eyed man and blue-eyed woman are unconsciously attracted towards one another.

In the same way, men with greenish-grey or hazel eyes tend to marry women with eyes of like colour.

The average height of a man he gave as from 67-in. to 68-in., that of a woman as 62½-in., and he contended that the average tall man has a tall wife, and the short man a short wife.

"One could hardly imagine a man choosing a wife by measuring her from forefinger to forefinger," said the professor, yet his diagrams demonstrated that as the span of one increased so did that of the other. A like result was produced in the measurement of thousands of forearms, his figures showing that there was a distinct tendency on the part of men with long forearms to marry wives with proportionately long forearms.

Think It Over.

There never was a good enemy who would not make a better friend.

The man who makes the best of opportunities is apt to get the best of obstacles.

Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and the wise merchant selects the second with the first.

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are not yet capable of the little ones, which are all that are required of them.

I Must.

I must—there's no opposing it,
I MUST *my neighbour's case regard,*
And so arrange that "things" may fit,
By being just without being hard.

The "golden rule," if I would teach,
I must unto myself be true,
And practise all I try to preach,
Though difficult, perhaps, to do.

H. Hallett B.

"Culture is good."—J. Hall.

"The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness."—Zimmerman.

"Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not."—Emerson.

"Health is man's birthright. It is as natural to be well as to be born."—Mrs. Densmore.

"One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple-jointed is to continue to practise the activities of youth, and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by its suggestion of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper and W. E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust manhood when far into the eighties, had succumbed at forty to the thought of approaching age, how much of their valuable life-work would have remained undone?"

"No conjunction can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous, it may appear, for which a man by his own energy may not extricate himself, as a mariner, by the rattling of his cannon, can dissipate the impending waterspout."—Beaconsfield.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE PHYSICAL CULTURE COMPETITION.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal footing, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.
(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.
(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who, in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.
(4) No photos can be returned.
(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.
(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**
(7) The coupon on this page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.
(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon, providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the first competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

COUPON FOR MARCH.

Name of Competitor.....

Address.....

MEASUREMENTS.

Age.....
Height.....
Weight.....
Chest Contracted.....
Chest Expanded.....
Waist.....
Upper Arm R.....
Fore Arm R.....
Upper Arm L.....
Fore Arm L.....
Hips.....
Thigh R.....
Calf R.....
Thigh L.....
Calf L.....
Ankle.....
Neck.....

We hereby certify that the above measurements are correct. (SIGNED),

Name..... *Name*.....

....

....

All Photos sent in must have the name of the Competitor written plainly on the back, and, if possible, the measurements should be witnessed by at least one medical man.

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—**One may Help Many.**

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto.

and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

Never Too Old to Begin.

43, Chatham Street, Battersea, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Being a regular reader of your magazine, and having been a Physical Culturist for the past two years, and benefiting greatly by steadily following the best of all systems, viz., the Sandow System, I should very much like to become a member of your Readers' Club.

I first of all commenced Physical Culture through seeing Mr. Sandow's book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It," advertised. I purchased one just two years ago, also a Sandow Developer and pair of Grip Dumb-bells, and have exercised regularly since. I have been the means of three young men commencing Physical Culture in this locality, and some three months ago a friend of mine, whom I had not seen for over two years, and who lives some distance away, was so surprised at the alteration in myself that he at once purchased a Developer, and asked me how to use it and the way. I did my exercises, etc., and he is now an enthusiastic follower of Physical Culture, and I might here say that he is 47 years of age, and I know that he has improved wonderfully already, and he says that he knows he has, too. I shall be pleased to send you his address if necessary.—Trusting you will think me entitled to be enrolled a member, and assuring you I shall always do my best to act up to the motto,

HENRY SUTSIL.

JANUARY 6th, 1906.

Weight	10 st. 4 lbs.	Chest (exp)	40 inches
Height	5 ft. 8 inches	Waist	28 "
Neck	15½ "	Hips	36 "
Bicep (R)	14 "	Thigh (R)	21½ "
Bicep (L)	13½ "	Thigh (L)	21 "
Forearm (R)	12½ "	Calf (R)	14½ "
Forearm (L)	11½ "	Calf (L)	14 "
Wrist	6½ "	Ankle	8 "
Chest (nor)	36½ "		

Human Public House Pillars.

216, Carlisle Street, Splott, Cardiff.

MR. SANDOW.—DEAR SIR,—I have been a Physical Culturist since last June, and I am very pleased to say that I have been in the best of health ever since, and I hope to continue with it. I have been using the Sandow Developer for the past seven months, and I can recommend it to any person who wants health and physical development. I should like to see more of our young men take up Physical Culture; what most of our young men think about now is standing about public-house corners, and parading the streets half the night.

It would be far better if they were to read some good books, such as "Strength, and How to Obtain It," instead of galloping the streets half the night, mixing up with bad companions. I should like to have the pleasure of being one of your Club members, and I hope to get more young men for the Physical Culture world. When I have finished reading the magazines I give them to young men who I think will read them and then pass them on to someone else. I find it is doing a lot of good, and I am sure if every reader was to do the same we should soon be all strong men.

I hope, Sir, that I will not be taking up too much space in your valuable magazine. Hoping to see these few lines in your magazine, as they may be a little help to others. My measurements you will find below, which I don't think are very bad for one that is tied up in a shop all day.—Wishing your magazine every success, I remain, yours sincerely, HARRY WILLIAMS.

Age	21 years	Wrist	7 inches
Weight	10 st.	Thigh (R)	20 "
Height	5 ft. 8 inches	Thigh (L)	20 "
Neck	15 "	Calf (R)	13½ "
Upper arm (R)	13½ "	Calf (L)	13½ "
Upper arm (L)	13½ "	Hips	33 "
Forearm (R)	11½ "	Chest (con)	35 "
Forearm (L)	11½ "	Chest (exp)	41 "

A Sandow Studio.

46, Sumner's Hill,
Totterdown, Bristol.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a Physical Culturist and reader of your Magazine for about eighteen months. I was always fairly healthy, my occupation keeping me out in the open air all weathers for at least ten hours a day.

Before taking up Physical Culture I was always subject to bilious attacks, which I now know to be a sign of weakness, but I am pleased to say that I have not had one since taking up Physical Culture. I saw your book, "Strength, and how to Obtain it," in a shop window one day, and knowing that was just what I wanted, "health and strength," I purchased one, and I am pleased to say I have never regretted it. I purchased a pair of 3-lb. dumb-bells, and followed out the

movements on the chart for six months, with good results, and better health.

About this time a friend of mine who has now been a Physical Culturist for six years, and has entered your competition for the gold medal for September, 1905, advised me to get one of your Developers. I purchased one, and later on a pair of your Grip Dumb-bells, and I am pleased to say that I have got much better results from them than ordinary dumb-bells. I always have a cold bath after exercise, as I think, providing that the heart is sound, that the exercise is not complete without it. I also diet myself, as I find that much better results and quality of muscle can be obtained. I put the following diet, as it may be useful to other readers:—Two meals a day; Hovis brown bread, all kinds of vegetables, fruits, and nuts; milk puddings, Grape-nuts, and Plasmon cocoa; also eggs.

I have transformed my exercise room into a picture gallery by cutting the photos off the covers of the Magazines, and nailing them on the walls. I find that, besides making the room look nice, that by looking at them when I am doing my exercise it encourages me to give my mind more to my exercises. I advise readers to try this idea.

I have followed out your motto, "One may help many," by getting a dozen or more of my friends to take up Physical Culture, with good results; also some of them to give up that bad habit, smoking, and I am trying my best to get others to take it up.

Below are my measurements when I started Physical Culture, and at present. You will notice that all my limbs were the same size as each other when I started Physical Culture. That is mostly due to my being ambidexterious, or left-handed. I advise all right-handed readers to practise using their left hand more, as I think it is a great help towards symmetrical development. I should be pleased to be enrolled as a member of the SANDOW'S MAGAZINE Readers' Fellowship Club.

C. RENDALL.

SEPT. 16th, 1904.		JAN. 16th, 1906.	
Age	20 years.	Age	21 yrs. 3 mths.
Weight	8 st. 7 lbs.	Weight	9 st. 7 lbs.
Height	5 ft. 6 inches	Height	5 ft. 8 inches
Neck	13½ "	Neck	14½ "
Chest (con)	32 "	Chest (con)	33 "
Chest (exp)	34 "	Chest (exp)	36 "
Upper arm (R)	10 "	Upper arm (R)	11 "
Upper arm (L)	10 "	Upper arm (L)	11 "
Forearm (R)	9½ "	Forearm (R)	10 "
Forearm (L)	9½ "	Forearm (L)	10 "
Waist	27 "	Waist	29 "
Hips	29 "	Hips	30 "
Thigh (R)	18½ "	Thigh (R)	19½ "
Thigh (L)	18½ "	Thigh (L)	19½ "
Calf (R)	12 "	Calf (R)	13 "
Calf (L)	12 "	Calf (L)	13 "
Knee	13½ "	Knee	13½ "
Ankle	9½ "	Ankle	10 "
Wrist	6½ "	Wrist	6½ "

Cured of Several Ailments.

34, Norfolk Street, Strand.

SIR,—Being a physical culturist and a reader of your fine magazine, I am very much interested in your Readers' Club, and would so much like to become a member. Your motto is an excellent one, and if everyone kept to it, what a fine race of people we would be. Alas! too many, I am sorry to say, are too fond of luxury and gay companions. If they would only give it a trial I am sure they would find life worth living. I bless the day when I took it up, and now it is part of my daily routine. I would not miss it for the world. I go in for wrestling and gymnastics and physical culture generally,

NO NAME (Aldershot).
The reader who sent in these photos. has no cause to feel ashamed of his development.

and am never more happy than when I am gripping the "bells," or "on the mat." I can truthfully say that your system cured—yes, cured—me of rheumatism, neuralgia, and various other ailments. That was about eighteen months ago. I was down with rheumatism, and felt so weak I determined to take no more medicine, as I felt it did me no good. Instead, I bought a pair of your spring-grips and steadily practised day by day till I could actually feel the pain driven away. I then determined to become a physical culturist. My brother made me a present of a developer at Christmas, and I practised on both, and as I watched my improvement and followed your instructions on the chart, my delight knew no bounds. I was also reading your valuable advice in your magazine.

I steadily progressed till my friends were so surprised at my health and strength that I determined to go in for something else. I then studied jiu-jitsu and wrestling, and, combined with your system, I can now say that I am more than satisfied with myself. I have wrestled many a fellow, and am proud to say beaten them all at my weight and age, of course; and in Japanese wrestling heavier men have gone down before me, thanks to you and your splendid system of health and strength. I may say that my brother and I were first and second in our annual "walk," three years running. I am now going in for weight-lifting, and will let you know how I get on. I will also do my best to help you and all members of this club at any time, 'as I have always intended to do. I keep your magazines for a year, and then distribute them among fellows and youths and boys I come in contact with, and am glad to say a lot of them quickly lead the "manly" life, and they in turn give the books to other people so as to get as wide a scope as possible to promote physical culture. It is a pleasure to know we are helping you to raise the world to a higher standard of physical and moral power.

So wishing you every success, yours truly,

R. E. Wells.

Enjoys Perfect Health.

Langley Park House, Sutton.

Dear Sir, Having been training under your system for the last six years, I thought that you might like to hear how I was progressing.

When I started Physical Culture, I was very delicate and was always having a doctor attending me. After about three months at the dumb-bells I noticed a decided change for the better, and now I enjoy practically perfect health. There is absolutely no doubt that *systematic* exercising will keep the doctor away. I also think that for all-round development there is nothing to beat wrestling, especially the Japanese style. I am doing my best to encourage my friends to take up Physical Culture. I have been successful in one instance, and hope to let you know what progress my friend is making soon.

It is a good sign, I think, to see that girls are taking to sports instead of sitting about indoors. This seems to be a step towards the improvement of the future generation.

Wishing you and your Magazine their well-deserved success, I remain, yours, etc.,

Walter M. King.

Age	17 years	Age	23 years
Weight	9 st	Weight	10½ st.
Height	5 ft. 8 inches	Height	5 ft. 10½ inches
Neck	13 "	Neck	14½ "
Chest (nor)	29 "	Chest (nor)	34½ "
Chest (exp)	30½ "	Chest (exp)	38 "
Waist	27 "	Waist	29½ "
Hips	29 "	Hips	35½ "
Thigh	18 "	Thigh	21½ "
Knee	13 "	Knee	14 "
Calf	12½ "	Calf	14½ "
Ankle	8½ "	Ankle	8½ "
Biceps	9½ "	Biceps	13½ "
Triceps	9 "	Triceps	11 "
Forearm	9 "	Forearm	11½ "
Wrist	6½ "	Wrist	7 "

My first measurements were taken about three months after I had started exercising.

"Health, Strength and Brain Power."

"Trelawny," Endlesham Road,
Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,—It is about two years since I commenced Physical Culture, and during that time I have greatly improved in health, strength, and brain power.

I exercise night and morning with dumb-bells regularly for fifteen minutes, and after my exercise in the morning take a cold douche and a rub down. Besides this, I also go in for wrestling, boxing, swimming, and, last but not least, walking, having walked to Brighton on several occasions. I instruct in both wrestling and boxing. From time to time the useful hints which I have seen in Sandow's Magazine have greatly benefitted me.

Age	19 years	Biceps	11½ in.
Weight	11 st	Thigh	21 "
Height	5 ft. 9 inches	Calves	15 "
Chest	41 "		

Yours faithfully,

Carlo Tichiaz,
Hon. Sec. Invicta Athletic Club.

Not Apollos—or Sandows—at End of Fortnight. Some Give Up Physical Culture.

17, Queen Street, Lochmaben,
Dumfriesshire, N.B.

Dear Sir,—In the interests of Physical Culture I am writing you a few lines. It is pleasing to see so many ardent followers of your system, but it makes one a little sad sometimes at the great lack of interest a large number of people have in such an important subject. I take in most of the Physical Mag.'s; have had yours regularly for years, and am pleased that you are editing it weekly. Most young men admire strength (how many hundreds of them have I heard lauding the Editor of Sandow's Mag.!); they would all like to possess it; but the trouble is, they simply can't be bothered. Fellows sometimes ask me about methods of training, etc. They take up Physical Culture for a few days or weeks, and when they find that they are not Apollos or Sandows at the end of a fortnight, they give it up. They forget

that it takes years of patient training before one builds up a frame like theirs. We cannot all be strong men, but everyone can greatly improve his or her physique. It is not fun developing oneself; it means hard work if you mean to succeed, but results are sure if proper methods are followed diligently.

There are many systems on the market, but the one I think best, and the one I myself have followed, is our Editor's, Mr. Sandow. I do not intend here to give him undue praise, but one thing I will say is this: Eugen Sandow has given an impetus to Physical Culture in this country which was greatly needed, and which will have results that will not die with the present generation. It is very interesting to read the readers' letters in your Mag., and I hope more of them will take advantage of the privilege, especially when Mr. Sandow so kindly gives medals to those who take enough interest in their fellow-men to trouble writing him a short letter.

Speaking for myself, I would just like to thank Mr. Sandow for what he has done for me. It was through reading his book, "Strength, and how to Obtain it," that I was led to start Physical Culture. I got tired also, and gave it up for a few years, during which I lost most of the development I had gained. About eight months ago I started afresh, and have stuck in since, and mean to go on. My measurements then and now are:—

	June, 1905.			February, 1906.		
Weight	10 st.	2 lbs.		Weight	11 st.	2 lbs.
Chest	37	inches		Chest	42	inches
Waist	29	,,		Waist	32	,,
Neck	15	,,		Neck	16½	,,
Biceps	12¾	,,		Biceps	14	,,
Forearm	10½	,,		Forearm	12	,,
Wrist	7¼	,,		Wrist	7½	,,
Thigh	19½	,,		Thigh	21½	,,
Calf	13½	,,		Calf	14½	,,
Ankle	8¼	,,		Ankle	8½	,,

Measurements are nothing without health, but you receive health also, and this itself is quite sufficient reward to encourage anyone to go in for a course of physical training.

Hoping I have not taken up too much of your space, Yours sincerely,

J. J. Cockburn.

A Four Months' Pupil.

Havelock Town,
Colombo, Ceylon.

Dear Sir,—Being a constant reader of your valuable Magazine and a follower of your system of physical exercises, I take the opportunity to write to you asking if you can kindly find room in your Magazine for the enclosed photo.

I started Physical Culture only four months ago, and I am proud to say I have greatly benefitted by your system, as you will see from the accompanying photo., and in all probability may show a better development in a very short period. I am 21 years of age.

With grateful regards, and wishing you every success in your attempt to promote Physical Culture, Yours truly,

Geo. B. de Silva.

Alfred T. Moreland (Motherwell, N.B.).

Advice to Those in Shops.

Airbles Street, Motherwell, N.B.

Dear Sir,—You will find enclosed my photograph. As I am a hairdresser and have very long hours, I find that a little exercise with 4lb. dumbbells is very helpful during the day, and I would strongly advise any young men who are confined in shops to go in for dumbbells, and refrain from intoxicating liquor of any kind. I myself am a life-long abstainer, but I come across men every day who would be splendid specimens of humanity but for drink. My measurements, etc., are as follows:—

Age 24.

Weight	9 st. 11 lbs.	Waist	27½ inches
Height	5 ft. 3 inches	Upper arm	12½ ,,
Neck	15½ ,,	Forearm	10½ ,,
Chest (normal)	34 ,,	Thigh	19½ ,,
Chest (expanded)	38 ,,	Calf	14½ ,,

Wishing your Magazine every success,

Alfred T. Moreland.

Boys who Smoke.—Major-General Baden-Powell has sent a letter to a Bolton schoolboy who wrote to him with regard to the work done by the Bolton branch of the International Anti-Cigarette League, in which he says: "I am very glad to hear that you are reviving the Anti-Cigarette League as I believe that smoking by fellows who are still growing does them an infinite amount of harm, and those who are sensible don't take up smoking until after they are twenty years of age or so. Fellows who smoke before that age generally turn out rotters afterwards."

"Learning in a broken body is like a sword without a handle."

Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, it must be remembered that space is limited, and I CANNOT *prescribe courses here. All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at* BASING HOUSE, BASINGHALL STREET, E.C., *and these will receive prompt attention. Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.*

Wrestling Query.

W. E. J. (STRATFORD, E.) wants to know if a wrestling mat 10 ft. by 6 ft. is large enough for stage wrestling?

Answer: No; 16 feet square is about the smallest you can work with, especially for catch-as-catch-can style.

Photo Prize Competition.

T. K. (GILFORD) wants particulars of "Photo. Prize Competition."

Answer: Particulars have appeared in recent issues, and also in this number.

Night Sweats.

L. M. O'F. (DUBLIN) writes that he perspires too freely, especially at night. Kindly state cause and cure.

Answer: If you are bothered with what are usually termed night sweats, it indicates a physical condition that should be remedied as soon as possible. A thorough system of Physical Culture that will bring into play all the muscles of the body should be immediately adopted. Long walks in the open air, deep breathing exercises, and a very moderate diet would be essential. It simply indicates an unsatisfactory physical condition. The body in its endeavour to rid itself of impurities, accumulated as the result, perhaps, of constipation, brings on the feverish condition that results in perspiration, and impurities are thus eliminated. When your body begins to assume a normal condition the night sweats will disappear.

Knock-Knees.

L. J. McF. (GLASGOW) says: "Can you give me information which will help me to cure knock-knees? Am only troubled slightly and have tried to straighten them by means of two books held between the knees and a bandage just above the feet, but without success."

Answer: You must not expect such a method to straighten your knock-knees. What you require is to strengthen and equalise the whole of your muscular system, after which you will be better able to hold yourself upright, when the weight of the body will be distributed in the right direction to the feet. You might also practise the exercise of crossing the feet and sitting down tailor fashion, continuing this movement until tired—say, about ten or twelve times. Then stand erect, heels together, hands on hips, turning toes out, and lower body slowly on toes (heels should not touch the ground), rising into a standing position again about ten times. I am often asked this question.

To Readers.

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CAMDEN—At 7-30, "The Babes in the Wood." Mat. Mon., Wed., Thur. and Sat. at 2.

CORONET—At 7.30, "Cinderella." Mat. daily at 2.

COMEDY.—At 8.30, "The Little Father of the Wilderness," 9, "The Mountain Climber." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

COURT—At 8-15, "Major Barbara." Mat. Wed. at 2-30.

CRITERION—At 8.30, "The White Chrysanthemum." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

DALY'S—At 8.30, "The Little Michus." Mat. Sat. at 2-30.

GAIETY—At 8, "The Spring Chicken." Mat. Sat. at 2.

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IMPERIAL—At 8-15, "The Harlequin King. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

LYRIC—At 8.15, "The Blue Moon." Mat. Sat. at 2.15.

MARLBOROUGH—At 7-30, "The Forty Thieves." Mat. Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2.0.

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VAUDEVILLE—At 8-15. "The Catch of the Season." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-15.

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WALDORF—At 8.30, "La Main"; 9, "Lights Out." Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2-30.

VARIETY THEATRES.

ALHAMBRA—At 7-45.

COLISEUM—At 3, 6, and 9

EMPIRE—At 8-15. Mat. Sat. at 2-15.

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2. Have you noises in the head or ears?_____
3. What do they resemble?_____
4. Are the noises constant or intermittent?_____
5. Was Deafness sudden or gradual?_____
6. Do you suffer from nasal or throat Catarrh?_____
7. Does your hearing vary with changes of the weather?_____
8. Can you hear a watch tick more distinctly if pressed against the forehead?_____
9. Can you hear better in a noise, as when travelling by Train or Omnibus?_____
10. Is there any ear discharge?_____
11. Can you hear a watch tick?_____
12. How far from right ear?_____
13. How far from left?_____
14. How long have you been deaf?_____
15. In which newspaper did you notice this announcement?_____

*Name (in full)*_____

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*Address (in full)*_____

*Occupation*_____

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